

THE STORY OF A MAN

(So Named) THE SON OF BEN ALI

By Joel Chandler Harris.

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CHAPTER IX.—Continued.

Sweetest Susan shuddered. Drusilla cried, "Well, huh!" Buster John pulled up a big bunch of grass and threw it away from him.

"Humph! Hang him to a limb!" granted the White Pig. "Ouf! There was a bridge a quarter of a mile ahead. It was long and narrow and low—just wide enough for a wagon and not higher from the shallow creek than a man's head. Over this bridge the men had to go, and the Son of Ben Ali wanted to run ahead, get on the further end of the bridge, charge the horses when they reached the middle and then jump off and get under the bridge before the men could make their guns talk. It was not to my taste. If I had had to choose between charging the horses on that bridge and a

mean of ripe persimmons—bump—I think I would have taken a few of the persimmons. But what could I do? Goof! The Son of Ben Ali had his mind made up.

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A MUCH TRAVELED DOG

Owney, the Mascot of the Railway Mail Service.

(Copyright, 1896, by Harriet Gillespie.)

Few people, not to mention members of the canine family, are so widely traveled as Owney, the pet and mascot of the railway mail service.

He belongs to no one person in particular, but is the protégé, for the time being, of any mail clerk with whom he comes in contact.

Owney is a medium-sized, cinnamon-colored mongrel, but is endowed with sufficient intelligence to compensate for any lack of refined pedigree. He has visited every city of prominence in the United States, and his transatlantic acquaintance is equally as extensive. His badges of distinction everywhere winning him respect and attention.

Owney entered Uncle Sam's service about ten years ago when, a forlorn, homeless dog he strayed into the Albany postoffice.

Through the kindness of the mail clerks he attached himself to them and for a number of years ran on the road between Albany and New York, and in this way finally drifted to the New York postoffice, where, when he is not "globe trotting," he makes his home.

He will remain here two, three or four weeks, as the case may be, until the migratory fever is upon him, when he jumps into the registry wagon, which is always in charge of a mail clerk, and off he goes to the station.

THE WAY HE TRAVELS.

Owney apparently has a well defined itinerary laid out, for no amount of coaxing or persuasion can keep him home when he wishes to go, or arbitrate in which direction his journey shall extend. Whatever train he elects to board, his credentials are recognized and he is immediately taken charge of and made welcome by the postal clerks, with all of whom he is the greatest pet, and which affection is amply returned, for Owney looks with much disfavor upon any one not attired in the garb of the mail service.

He occasionally alights at a station that pleases his fancy, makes his transfers entirely on his own account, and appears to understand fully where all trains meet, and where and when different connections are made.

His travels have led him into nearly every portion of the globe, one of his most extended jaunts being to Siberia, where he was presumably to investigate the exile system. No one has been able to induce him to

one squad of officers, returning with them when the watch was ended.

He was awarded a medal at the Westminster Kennel club bench show, upon which was engraved:

Awarded to
Negro Police Dog, Jim
Intelligence and Bravery.

Jim has been a dog some years, but is still kindly remembered by the police force. Another famous dog in New York was "Ginger," who belonged to hook and ladder company No. 5, of Charles Street.

He was instrumental in saving many lives. It is told how he discovered a fire, awakened the men by his barking and was badly burned in aiding the firemen to extinguish it. "Ginger" has now joined the ranks of his contemporaries in "dog heaven," where eventually the souls of all good canines ascend. Peace to their ashes.

HARRIET GILLESPIE.

BILLY'S SYSTEM.

Believes Mother of a Vast Amount of Labor.

One morning while Billy's mother was making bread she looked out of the window and saw an old lady coming slowly up the walk.

"Oh, Billy," she said, "here comes Aunt Redmond for the carpet rags I promised her. I haven't had time to look them up since then. Do you suppose you could go up in the attic and sort out some of the woolen pieces for her? Try not to get those that are like the clothes we are wearing."

"Yes, indeed," said Billy, reaching for his crutches, for he was still a little lame from a sprained ankle. "I've been wishing I had something to do. Are they in bags?"

"Yes," said his mother, stripping the flour off her hands, so she could open the door.

Billy came down presently with a great basket of rags, and he then went to his den and got out some marking fluid and his brushes and went up stairs again.

So after the bread was made out into the pans, and Aunt Redmond had gone away, much delighted with her rags, Billy's mother climbed up to the attic to see what was going on.

She found Billy had assorted the rags and hung the bags all labeled with the names of the contents from the rags.

"Woolen," read one, "silk," another, "cotton,"



OWNEY.

relate his views on the subject, for Owney is a conservative beast and though he keeps up a deep thinking is not given to promiscuous arguments.

Last summer his journey extended to China and Japan. With the advent of the new year Owney showed signs of restlessness and after a few days' idleness he was sent to guide books. January 3 saw him boarding the Pennsylvania limited enroute for California, where he is sojourning at the present writing.

Wherever he stops he is the object of much solicitude and the greatest admiration and his friends, the mail clerks, point to him with pride as being the brightest, most intelligent and most widely traveled dog in the country.

Months and months of absence, one day his dogship will appear in New York, apparently delighted to be at home once more, with his collar and the harness that he wears fairly bristling with tags, medals, ribbons, etc., placed there by admiring friends.

Superintendent of Mails Lyons of the Brooklyn postoffice says: "Owney is in many respects a remarkable dog. He visits us occasionally, whenever it takes him fancy, and when he comes he brings with him a number of interesting things, such as a bone, a piece of wood, a piece of string, etc., which he has picked up on his travels."

He was completely prostrated by the heat and the weight of the harness and medals, so that he could not lie down without much discomfort. He relieved him of his trappings, which, besides his harness, consisted of about two pounds of medals, and you never saw such a delighted and grateful animal as he was when he was freed of them. He quietly took possession of a soft seat and slept peacefully during the day. It is the tags to the Bureau of Postoffice Charities and Washington, where they are deposited as evidence of a dog's sagacity."

There are nearly 200 tags in tin, brass and silver, among them is a silver spoon from Fort Wayne, Ind.

The members of the Toledo Produce exchange presented Owney with an elaborately engraved tag, and was also the recipient of one from the Board of Trade at Seattle, Wash. There were tags from different clubs and organizations of St. Paul, Minneapolis, etc.

Owney was an honored guest at the convention of Iowa bankers held at Council Bluffs in May, 1893, and was presented with a handsome silver tag, bearing the inscription: "Owney, Our Guest. May he live long and prosper."

Owney's collar has two brass plates fastened upon it. One bears his name and address: "Owney, Postoffice, Albany, N. Y." The other, presented at Seattle, Wash., in October, 1893, which reads:

"I guess I am Innocence Abroad. For I travel through thick and thin; But I meet with kindly treatment. I like to be liked by the people."

He usually returns weary and travel-worn, and on reaching the postoffice will immediately jump into an open sack which he has pre-empted as a resting place, and make his bed upon some mail sacks thrown there for his comfort and there he will sleep three or four days, leaving his bed only long enough to satisfy hunger, until he has thoroughly recuperated from his journey.

The future is no doubt destined to lead him to the glory of his travels, should no harm come to him.

OTHER FAMOUS DOGS.

There are many instances in New York City of the remarkable achievements of dogs, who have rendered conspicuous service by their faithfulness and sagacity.

One is the famous bullterrier "Nigger Jim," who some years ago was the pet of the Nineteenth precinct. He was recognized by the assistance rendered the police in thief catching. He was particularly numerous in the precinct, and which won for him the title "Nigger Jim."

This name was afterward changed to "Tenderloin" for evident reasons.

Of late years he would only accompany

ton's another, and a very conspicuous one marked "linings." While quite the largest one was marked Billy's rags.

"What are all the things that don't assort for me to sell with my old iron and bottles, you see," he explained.

"Well, Billy," said his mother, "you don't know how glad I am to have this done. I have been such a bother to have to tumble them all out to matter whether I wanted a bit of lining, or a piece of silk to line my collar. And I have often wished they were arranged in a little more 'get-at-able' way."

"I believe that lining bag is going to save me lots of trips down town when the sewing woman is in a hurry," said Billy, regarding his work with pride.

There is nothing like a systematic plan, mother, even for rags," he added slyly.

"William," that is a pun," asked his mother, severely. "If it is I will only say you are a baggage." "Rag-bag-gage, mother," asked Billy. But she had run down stairs again, so fortunately was spared this.

Prattle of the Youngsters.

An eminent clergyman sat in his study, busily engaged in preparing his Sunday sermon, when his little boy, dodging into the room and, holding up his pinched finger, said, with an expression of suffering, "Look, pa, how I hurt it." The father, interrupted in the middle of a sentence, glanced hastily at him and with the slightest tone of impatience, said: "I can't help it, sonny."

The little fellow's eyes grew bigger and as he turned to go he said in a low voice: "Yes, you could; you might have said 'oh-oh'."

"Mamma," asked the little 4-year-old, "how do you spell ginger?"

"Put away your book, dear. It is time for you to go to bed."

"Pa, how do you?"